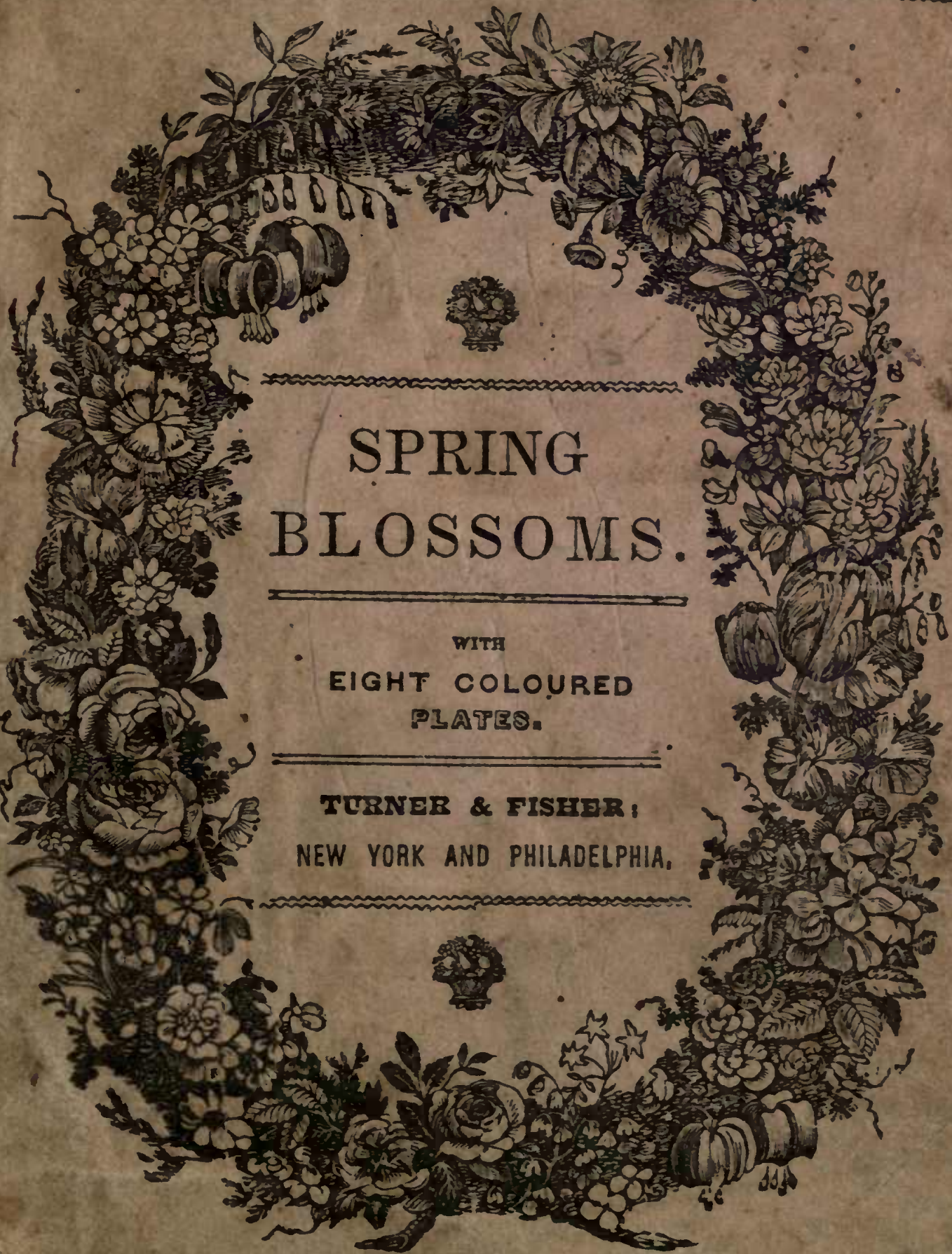
TURNER & FISHER'S LARGE AND SHOWY TOY BOOK.



SPRING BLOSSOMS.

WITH

EIGHT COLOURED PLATES.

TURNER & FISHER:

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

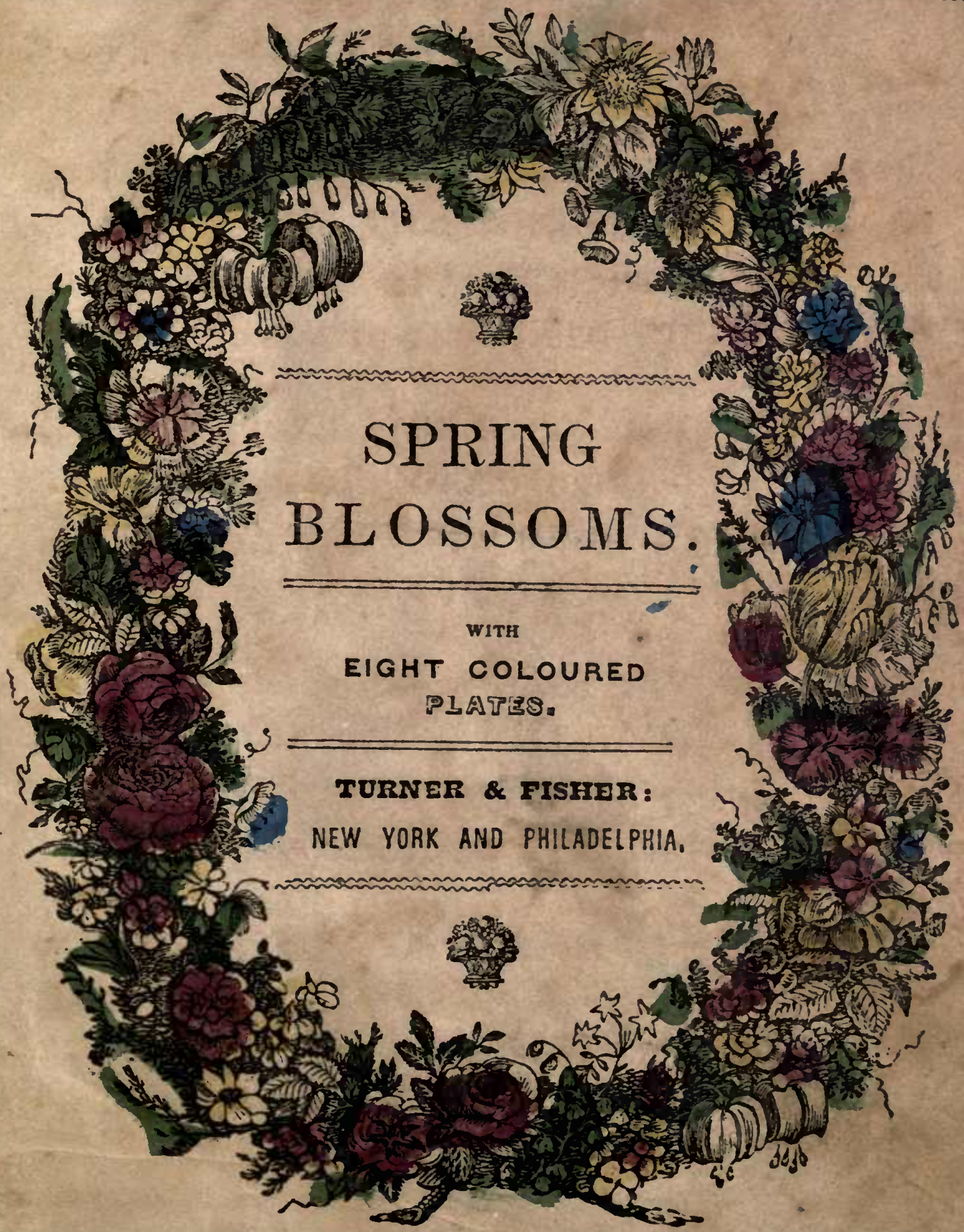
Here, for the infant minds, fair spring,
Blossoms of bright truth we bring,
Seeds of virtue there to sow,
Ere a single weed can grow.

Here may you learn how sweet the bliss,
To worship nature's loveliness,
Escaping through her flow'ry charm,
Each thought or wish to do a harm.

For when the tender buds of truth,
Expand within the minds of youth,
They cast a bloom around the heart
That will not but with life depart.

Then take these tender blossoms rare,
Preserve their sweets with gentle care,
And ev'ry day thro' life you'll find
New flowers blooming in your mind.

TURNER & FISHER'S LARGE AND SHOWY TOY BOOK.



SPRING BLOSSOMS.

WITH

EIGHT COLOURED PLATES.

TURNER & FISHER:

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

DEPARTMENT OF SPECIAL COLLECTIONS
UCLA
RESEARCH LIBRARY

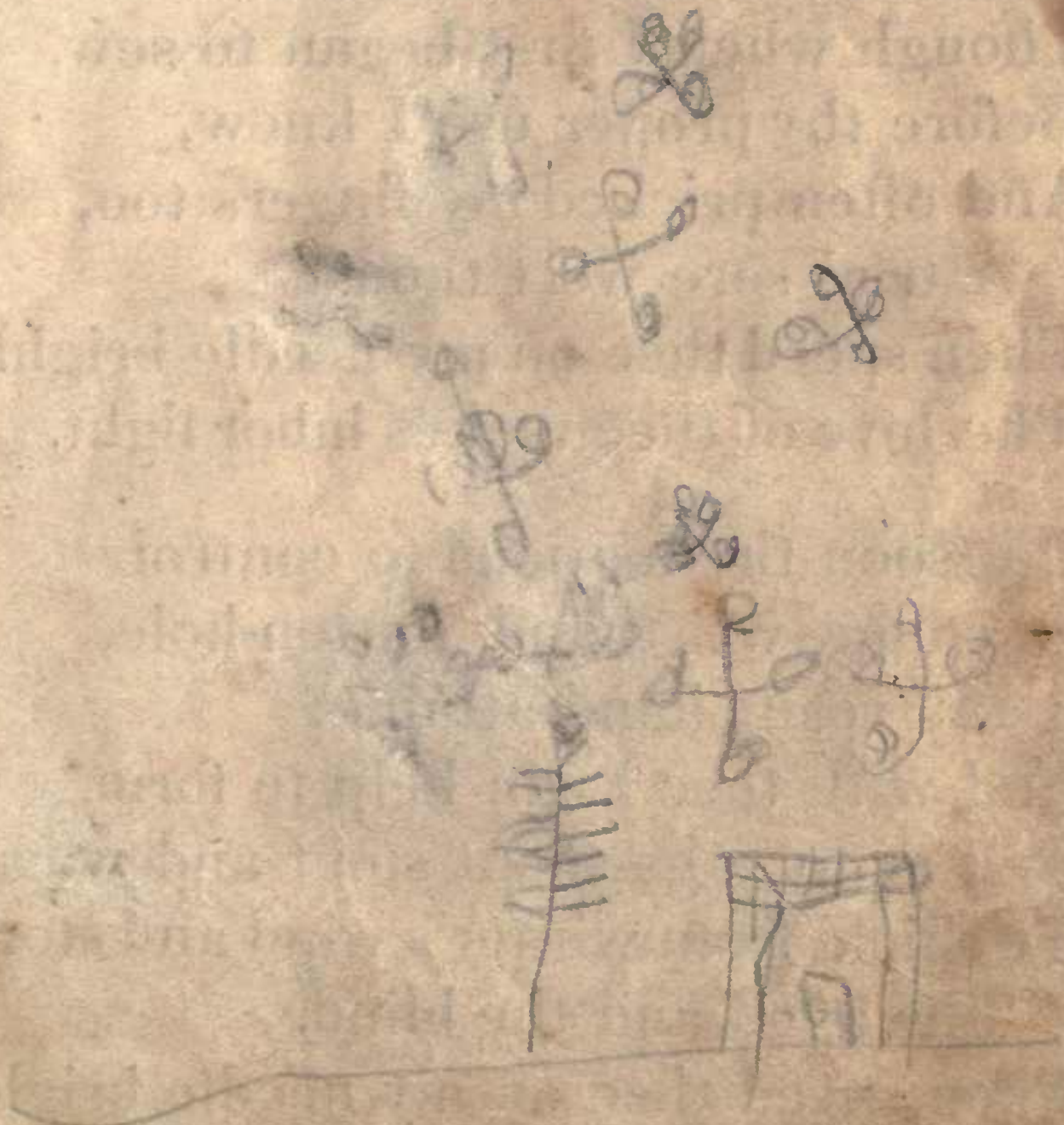
MAN FRIDAY.

This is Robinson Crusoe's man, whom he named Friday, because he fell in with him on that day of the week. When Man Friday first saw Robinson Crusoe, he offered to be his servant; he was accepted as such, and Crusoe found him very useful, for having been born in that desolate country where Crusoe had been cast away, he was well acquainted with the forms and customs of the neighboring inhabitants, as well as with all the secret caverns and other mysterious places upon the islands.

He also relieved the solitude of poor Crusoe much; for man, even though he choose the life of a Hermit, soon finds that the society of his fellows is neces sary to his happiness, and that the words of the Almighty are as true now as in the beginning—"It is not good for man to be alone."

MAN FRIDAY.

Sold by Turner & Fisher, New York and Philadelphia; Keller, Baltimore; J. Fisher Boston



JANE AND HER NEEDLE.

My shining needle! much I prize
Thy tender form and slender size,
And well I love thee now;
Though when I first began to sew,
Before thy proper use I knew,
And often pricked my fingers too,
A trial sore wert thou.
Then speed thee on my needle bright,
The love of thee makes labor light.

Oh, soon thy motions to control,
In collar, wristband, button-hole,
My ready hand attains;
And with thee I can help to form,
Full many a garment stout and warm,
To shield from winter's wind and storm,
The aged and the blind.
Then speed thee on my needle bright,
The love of thee makes labor light.

INDUSTRIOUS JANE.

THE TWO DOVES.

See Julia and her sister Jane,
On the grass bed of velvet green,
How each shows her care and love,
For her sweet pet turtle dove.

Pillowed on their guiltless breast,
Like a warm and living nest;
They seem to draw an early sense,
Of purity and innocence.

Fann'd by their soft and tender wings,
A moral from their pressure springs;
A wish in innocence to move,
As gently as the peaceful dove.

Oh! ever may such living toys,
Be the theme of childhood's joys,
And cultivate as years increase,
The love of virtue, truth and peace.

THE TWO DOVES.

Sold by Turner & Fisher, New York and Philadelphia; Keller, Baltimore: J. Fisher, Boston.

MY PRETTY POLLY.

Better than hoop or doll,
I love my pretty chattering poll,
For tho' the creature mocks my words
I know her mock'ry but a bird's.

And while upon my neck she'll loll,
And screaming out, "Pretty Poll,"
I learn from the sweet chattering elf,
To not have too much tongue myself.

I learn how many girls there be,
Who without thinking talk like she,
And parrot like they ever chatter,
When they should think of something
better.

Thus while I hear her prattle words,
I think that girls should not be birds,
Nor like them waste their time so dear,
In chattering everything they hear.

MY PRETTY POLLY.

Sold by Turner & Fisher, New York and Philadelphia: Keller, Baltimore: J. Fisher, Boston.

THE NEW FROCK.

Here is Elizabeth dressed in her new frock, given to her by her mother, for doing what she is bid like a good girl.

She looks as if she was dressed to pay a visit to some of her friends; but I hope she will not be proud, and get too fond of going from home; she should remember that her frock was made out of the poor silk-worm's winter house, that her shoes were made out of the skin of a goat, and the pearls about her neck were drawn from the bottom of the sea, and that unless she is pleasant, affectionate, and kind, no body will like her better for her new clothes. There are some little girls who think because they have a new frock on, that they are better than others who are dressed in common clothes, which is not at all right

ELIZABETH WITH HER NEW FROCK.

Turner & Fisher, New York and Philadelphia; Keller, Baltimore; J. Fisher, Boston.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Behold him on the lonely isle,
Of home, of friends, of all bereft,
His vessel far away the while,
And he to solitude is left.

His faithful dog alone is there,
Who clinging to his master's side,
So willing all his grief to share,
Whatever evil may betide.

The exile o'er his wide domain,
Extends his glance of lordly pride;
But ah! he feels such pride is vain,
For all is lost to him beside.

His country, friends, all, all are gone,
No relative to cheer his woe—
But there shall come a brighter morn,
And to his native land he'll go.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Turner & Fisher, New York and Philadelphia ; Keller, Baltimore ; J. Fisher, Boston.

MY MOTHER.

In infancy's unconscious day,
I weak and helpless long did lay,
Who o'er my form did watch and pray,
My Mother.

Who nourished me with fondest care,
And bore me forth to take the air,
And plucked me fruits and flowers rare,
My Mother.

Who daily, as I older grew,
Still taught me lessons bright and true,
And virtue's path kept in my view,
My Mother.

Oh, may I truly, every year,
Return with love and tender care,
The blessings I from thee did share,
My Mother.

MY MOTHER.

Published by Turner & Fisher, New York and Philedelphia.

MY MOTHER.

Published by Turner & Fisher, New York and Philadelphia.